

Femmes d'Esprit

CNR Honors Magazine
Issue 2 Spring 2000

E. M. R.
M. R.

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

This past weekend I attended a convention with my father, and while talking about school friends, he told me that one of my friends from school was currently in Iraq.

I was completely blown away, mostly because I knew my friend was the “make love not war” type. After going to his MySpace page, I found his e-mail and read a few old blogs. Apparently he had left in February, and I was so involved with school, I had no idea. If I had taken the time to even touch base with him, I would have been able to wish him well and say goodbye, but by the time my father told me, he was already in Basic Training and allowed no e-mail contact for a few months.

This was not my first brush with the war, as my uncle served a two year tour, returning in October of last year. My best friend's brother also serves, and I personally know some students on campus who either have served, will serve, or know someone who is in Iraq or Afghanistan.

Possibly the hardest thing for myself, or anyone who has a relative in Iraq, to reckon with is the feeling of anxiety and helplessness. Also, at least in my case, I feel a little guilty, because I am glad that it is not me.

With these thoughts in mind, I am considering the upcoming Presidential Election. I hate knowing that at any moment I or any one of my friends could receive the worst kind of news. I hate seeing the headlines of newspapers read “Death Toll in Iraq Climbing”, or “Deadliest Day for Iraq War”. I hate hearing people go on about this war as if it is actually accomplishing something (and I am not afraid to say it). More than anything, I hate knowing that the decision to end the war rests with the same nation who reelected President Bush into office.

I am not saying that there aren't people who are fighting who support the war, because there definitely are those who believe in democracy and America, who are genuinely fighting to liberate a nation from ignorance and terror. However, I know that the only reason my friend joined is because he needed a job, a job he might have gotten if the economy were in better shape. Again, too many variables enter the equation to put blame on anyone's shoulder, but I firmly believe some of the blame rests on our own shoulders, and this is another part of the guilt that I feel.

I could rant on about how apathetic youths are nowadays, how when the last generation disagreed with Vietnam, they protested, but really I would be wasting ink seeing as how I am an apathetic youth myself. I like to think I am trying to change that, but it really seems to be impossible. I cannot even conceive of the logistics of organizing and carrying out a protest when students barely show interest in their courses and majors.

I think we all have a chance to redeem ourselves in the upcoming election, and while I am still undecided as to what candidate (or even party) is best for the nation, whoever I chose will definitely share some of these ideas with me.

I am perfectly fine with everyone expressing their opinion and supporting the war, but I hope that when I hear someone say “Yeah, I support the war in Iraq”, they have experienced war or have actually thought about it and are prepared to receive the news that I and a great number of my friends and family are, quite literally, scared to death to receive.

Sincerely,

Erin Daley, Editor

HONORS MATTERS: DEFEND READING INDEED

Dr. Amy Bass, Associate Professor of History, Honors Program Director

As I say farewell to this year's crop of honors seniors – and what a magnificent group they are – I think my fondest memory of each of them will be my most recent: huddling down together for the past year on Tuesday evenings with a good book.

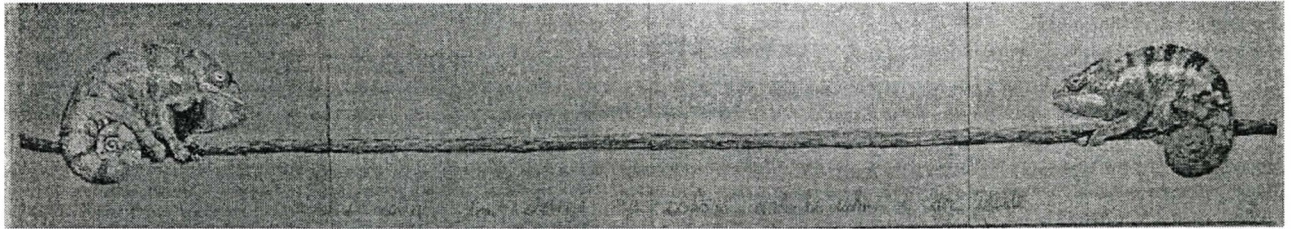
Teaching Senior Symposium – in which the seniors spend a year working their way through lists of books to determine which one the incoming freshmen honors class should read – is always a joy. Seeing the seniors bring their own disciplinary talents to the table in order to make persuasive arguments regarding their favorite book is terribly satisfying, and serves as a wonderful capstone to the rigors that the Honors Program presents its students with over the course of four years. But this year, it seemed particularly rewarding, as the books that this class chose seemed to consume each of us.

And now, each of these books that sit on my shelf are connected to each of the students that I read them with. I will have memories of Hasiba connecting her own metropolitan 21st century life to that of the main character in *Sarah's Daughter*, which is set on a 19th century New England farm. I will have memories of Stephanie trying to persuade the group that *Water for Elephants* was going to be a great read, even if its description seemed almost impossible to describe. I will have memories of riding the train back into the city with Milena, and wondering how on earth she finds so much time to read so many weighty books with all of the other things that she has to do. I will have memories of my covert conversations with Shonda, gossiping about which book we thought everyone was leaning towards, and what we could do to influence them otherwise. And I will have memories of Binh introducing the book that the class eventually chose, *Snowflower and the Secret Fan*, and thinking what a wonderful thing it is that a student so brilliant in the sciences had such a fantastic grasp and appreciation of literature.

In the Honors Program's new series, The Last Lecture, Dr. Nick Smart told us all – persuasively – just how very important it is to read. And not just anything, but good stuff. So as I say good-bye to this year's honors seniors, I thank them for bringing such a wide range of reading into my life. I will treasure the memories of each and every one.

ABOUT THE COVER

Alina Bachmann, '09

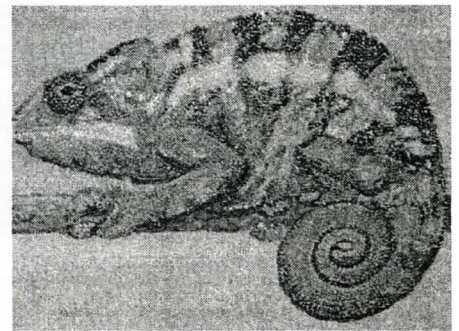
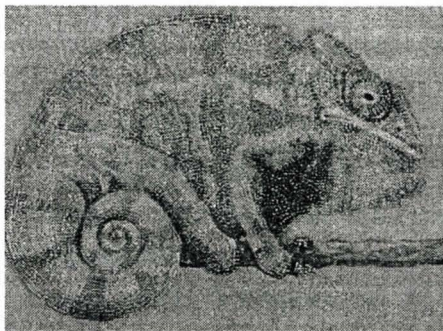


This is a metaphoric representation of myself and the inner conflict I sometimes experience. The text reads "I want to change my colors and be who I am inside."

Why chameleons? First off, they don't change colors to blend into their surroundings. That's a myth. They change their colors based on their mood and physical or mental state. The breed of chameleons I used are ambilobe panther chameleons. I was initially inspired by their gorgeous vibrant colors and the rich texture of their skin, hence the beads. I did not paint the beads but rather used colored beads and placed them to correspond with the actual chameleons. They are really those beautiful colors.

The green chameleon is in a happy, calm, approachable, and content state of mind. It represents my ideal vision for myself—who I want to be. The red chameleon is cautious, defensive, threatened, reserved, reluctant, shy—who I am (though I'm breaking out of it, or trying to). Its position is crouched more and clinging to the branch. The green one is more upright, effortlessly gripping the branch, and overall more proud. I paid attention to color and how the two chameleons complement and oppose each other. Red is opposite green on the color wheel. The whole process was very time-consuming and meditative. I placed and glued one bead at a time. There are thousands of them and the whole piece took between 80-100 hours to complete. There are four panels, each 14 by 11 inches; so the piece spans 56 across inches. My materials were glass seed beads, glue, and acrylic paint.

The cover is a close-up of the tail, which took me ten hours alone, just to give you an idea of the amount of beads.



THE FIRST YEAR: A FRESHMAN PERSPECTIVE

Mary Henderson, '11

*So with your back to the wind,
And your face to the sky,
Grab onto [Her] hand,
And begin to fly...*

-Poem Excerpt from "The Shedding of Chains" by Lisa J. Henderson

I like to tell people that my transition from high school to college was easy. I'm sure that based on the tone of that sentence you have already gathered that it, in fact, was not. It was not the fact that college was harder than high school that made it difficult, or even necessarily the fact that I was far from home. I had worked at a summer camp before leaving for school, so for three months I had already not been living at home, and in high school I'd been pushed with the International Baccalaureate program, so dealing with classes was not an issue. In fact, I found it much easier now that I was away from people telling me I had to do my homework every night, which was always more a pain than anything else.

Instead, college was just *different*. In HON 101, I was

asked to think about things in ways that I never had before and, in fact, to think about myself in ways that I never had before. This was what was most difficult for me, and I think at one point in the course all six of us shared tears and laughter together. The small class size was another issue: a class of six people sitting around a table with one professor is intimidating as hell to someone who had made it through high school by disappearing into the corners of rooms. But there I was adrift, questioning who I was, where I was going, and how I fit into this completely new culture and group of people.

It took until midterms for me to even begin to feel comfortable once I was thrown off the curve, and I unfortunately stuck to myself until then. The Broadway trip did a lot to bring me back into the fold, and it seemed to really tie us together as a class of honors students. For some reason, traveling and finding ourselves in the city at "The 25th Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee" made us a family. It was rewarding to



Kristen Diaz, '11 and Mary Henderson, '11 attempt to catch some snowflakes while classes are cancelled.



Eileen Schaub, '11 and Mary Henderson, '11 in the Great Swamp at NRHC 2008.



Darianna Parra, '11, Kristen Diaz, '11 and Mary Henderson, '11 goofing around during a snow day.

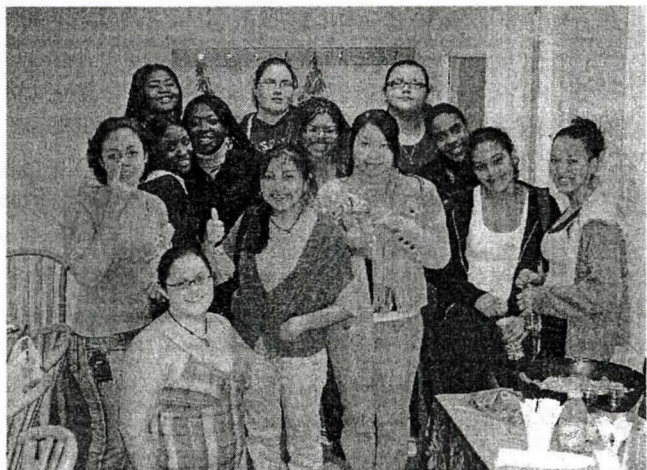
get to see something together outside of a classroom setting, enjoy it together, and talk about how we felt about this first experience that we had in common. The fall party helped as well, where we played get-to-know-you games (two truths and a lie), and consumed vast amounts of cake and pizza as a community.

By the end of that first semester, I found myself secure in who I was as a woman, as a student, and as a human being. I can honestly say this is the first time I have felt confident in myself as a person in a very long time, if ever. I like to think that all of us went through some kind of transformation, from the personal to the academic. Each one of us was uprooted from our realities and trans-

planted into the CNR honor's community, no matter how reluctantly. Through INS and Critical Research Essay our first semester, we have grown tremendously. We have laughed together and we have cried together, and we have become a family through it.

Now in our second semester, we continue to grow closer to one another and change. With our impromptu study groups (which, I must admit, we are doing right now as I type this) and our crazy moments of "geeking out" together (it's totally awesomesauce!) we support one another through our hectic and diverse lives. We find time to chill out and throw snowballs (weather providing), and trek through swamps, hugging trees for fun as we go.

And now we've made it through our first year of college. How should we feel? Are we supposed to feel anything? I, for one, feel relieved, and confident in my ability to continue positively. Are we more afraid now than we were when we got here? We are no longer small fish in big ponds, or whatever other cliché we might feel like applying to our first year experience. We enter the summer more confident, stronger women ready to take on the world, sort of. Our first year challenged us and the next three will likewise continue to challenge us. If we stick together like we have now with our impromptu study groups and sense of community, we'll be just fine. No matter how we've changed this year, we have only grown closer to one another through it, and that will make all the difference.

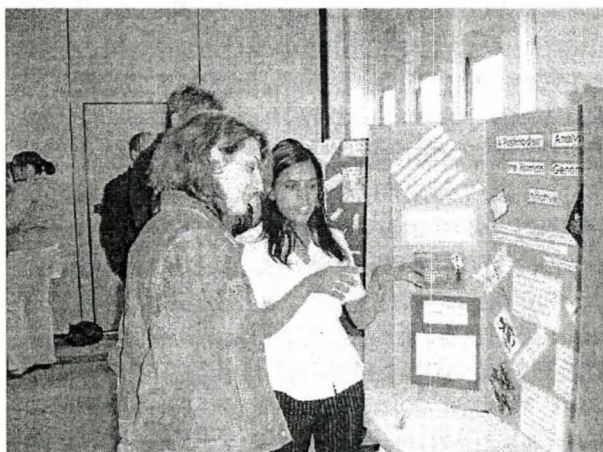


Attendees at the 2007 Halloween Party welcome the Freshman Class.

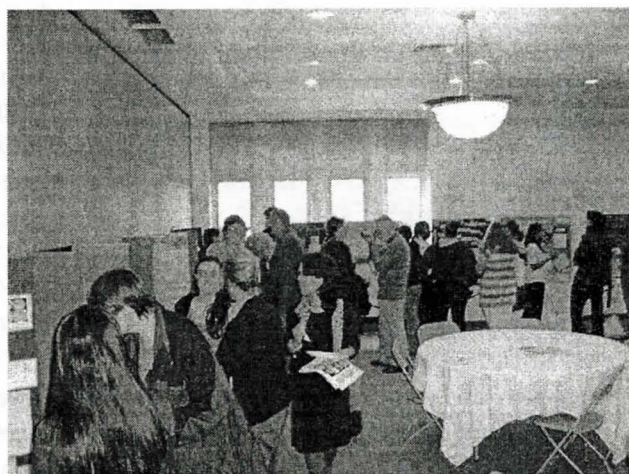
HONORS CONFERENCE DAY

On Thursday May 1, 2008, the Honors cohort gathered with the CNR community to showcase the work of the students who developed and researched diverse projects, whether in Junior Colloquium, Senior

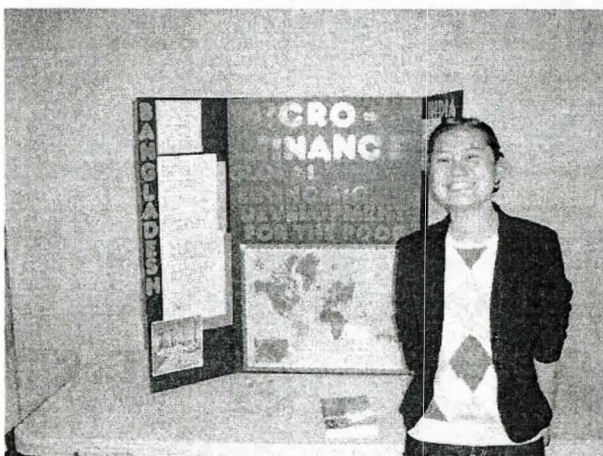
Sherly Mathew, '09: *Postmodern Analysis of the Human Genome Initiative*



Karyn Mooney, '09: *Public Art for Public Sake?*



Dymonique Colon, '09: *Aperture: Examining Beyond the Lenses and Exploring Images of the Amorphous Prostitute of the Postmodern Era*



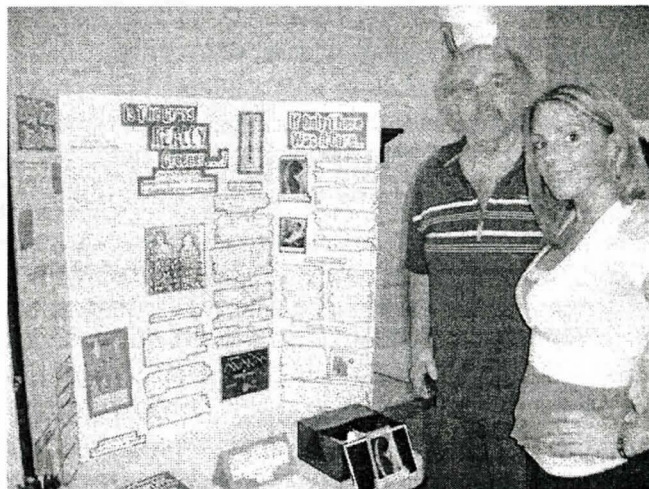
Helen Gillies, '09: *The Paradox in Consuming Environmentally Products*

Binh Phong, '08: *The Zapatista Movement: A Postmodern Revolution?*

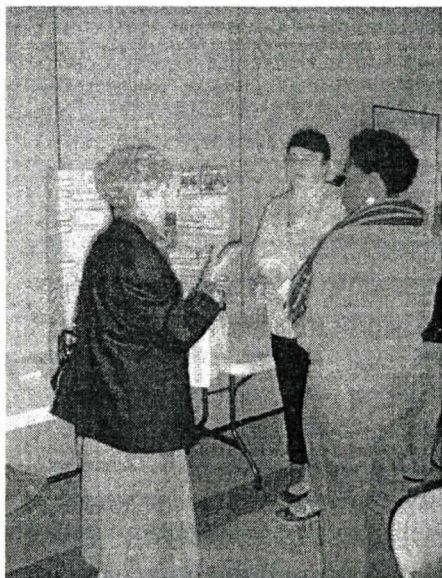
Blanca Paccha, '08: *The Use of Bacterial Systems to Rapidly Detect Environmental Carcinogens*

Kathy Yoon, '09: *Microfinance: Economic, Social, and Political Perspective of Microlending*

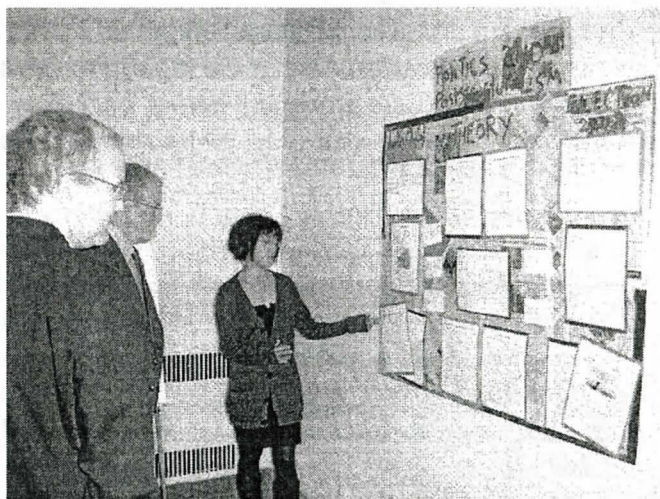
Sarah Hnath, '09 *Popular Culture and the Genetics Testing of Huntington's Disease; Fictional Creative Writing*



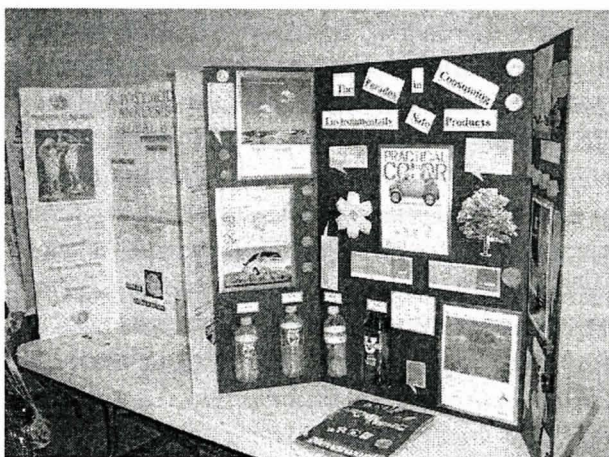
Alexandria Bignall, '09: *Reproduction or Resistance: Cyborg Women in Contemporary Science Fiction*



Jenell Lenge, '09: *Postmodern Political Subjectivity*



Erin Daley, '09: *Flood Myths as an Allegory of the Hero into the Feminine Unconscious*



Carol Mathew, '09: *A Postmodern Analysis of Global Climate Change*

Mary Henderson, '11: *Why I Went to Prom in a Duct Tape Dress: The Politics of Do-It-Yourself*

Alina Bachmann, '09: *The Growing Changes*

NRHC REFLECTIONS

Hasiba Mohammad, '08, Binh Phong, '08, Mary Henderson, '11, and Eileen Schaub, '11 attended the Northeast Regional Honors Council's annual conference this year in Morristown, New Jersey. In addition to taking part in the "city as text" program, the students had time to meet and socialize with students and faculty from other colleges and universities, enjoy some of the local restaurants, and tour the city on their own. Here are some of their reflections of their experiences.

What stands out most clearly in my mind about the Honors Conference is the food—strange, but that's what I remember the most. The first night, we went to dinner at a Thai-French fusion restaurant. Pad Kee Maow is an interesting dish, flat noodles, chicken, shrimp and squid and hot. Lots of hot. The other notable food adventure (that was not quite so fiery) was the Afghan restaurant on Saturday night. Afghan food is really quite amazing. I was the only one of our group who did not totally clean her plate, which put out the manager. Next time I'm finishing everything. -Eileen, '11

My experience at The Northeast Regional Honors Conference was filled with delightful surprises and discoveries. One of the highlights of the conference was the City as Text excursion to visit three historic mansions dating back from early 17th century to the Revolutionary War to the mid-Victorian era. My "walk through American history" was tremendously informative and memorable as I was able to visit the home of George Perrot Macculloch, best known the "Father of the Morris Canal", The Schuyler Hamilton House, and Acorn Hall, an 1853 Italianate Victorian mansion. While these mansions have been transformed into museums and galleries, the rooms, furniture, household utensils, and the decorative arts spoke volumes to me about the ordinary lives of many extraordinary figures in US history. Whether it was touching the chair on which George Washington sat, listening to the romantic tale of Alexander Hamilton and Betsy Schuyler, or learning about the games that Victorians played, it was clear to me that history was composed of not only important battles or treaties but also simple daily lives.

As Susan Dinan, the President of the NRHC, very clearly stated, in-class discussions and textbooks are essential to learning but only through first-hand experience can we fully comprehend the nature and complexity of the subject in question. This idea of interactive learning was very prominent throughout the conference as Honors students from different schools came together to exchange ideas and propose solutions to current local and global issues, like the economic potential of ethanol or Turkey as a prospective member of the European Union. I enjoyed the Regional Honors Conference much better than National because it was much smaller and more intimate, so students could actually get to know each other and spend more time looking at the poster of interest during the poster session. This conference was a bittersweet experience for me since it was my last one. Together with trying Greenberry's fantastic coffee and wonderful Afghan food, the 2008 Northeast Regional Honors Conference will be remembered as one of my favorite moments of the undergraduate years. -Binh, '08

Attending the Northeast Regional Honors conference this year was truly exciting and enjoyable. From exploring the diverse restaurants and establishments that Morristown, New Jersey has to offer, to presenting my research and being introduced to various research projects from students of diverse academic fields, this trip was an insightful experience that I would recommend to any Honors student. The most remarkable feature of this conference was the trip to the Fosterfields Farm, which is a living historical farm that has been in existence since the eighteenth century. At the farm I was not only introduced to a piece of history, but I was also able to participate in farm-related activities, such as churning butter, cracking corn and feeding the chickens, and riding a horse drawn carriage. It gave me the opportunity to take a trip to the past and learn what farmers performed daily. I also took a tour of the dwellings on the farmhouse that have not changed since the early 1900s. What fascinated me most about these homes was how much they reminded me of a book I read in my Honor's Senior Symposium class. "Sarah's Daughter", by Ruth Bass, is a beautifully written story about the life of a 14-year-old girl living in a New England farm community during the nineteenth century. Visiting the homes most similarly described in this book really brought this story to life and gave me a better understanding about the domestic responsibilities and roles women faced during that time period. Overall this conference was an enriching event and I am honored to have been selected to represent The College of New Rochelle. -Hasiba, '08

Mary Henderson, 11 displays some affection for the New Jersey woods during "city as text".



The 2008 Regional honors conference was a very positive experience for me as a first year student, and helped to prove that the best things come unexpectedly. My entire participation in the conference was something I did not expect to happen at all because of the nature of my topic. I went to my senior prom in a duct tape dress. And beyond application to a scholarship and finally showing my peers that I was not quite the quiet person they assumed I was, I didn't think there was much more to it. Being encouraged to create a project for it helped me to see ripples of my actions and I see now the far-reaching effects of any act done in rebellion. I certainly did not expect to gain insight into my own motives and actions, or to learn about things like post-feminism and style politics and their influence in my life when I made the decision to wear that dress. Even if it was unexpected, I appreciate this new knowledge and I certainly appreciate the opportunity that I was given to go to the 2008 Regional Honors Conference. -Mary, '11

THE LAST LECTURE: IN DEFENSE OF READING

On April 17, 2008, the Honors Program presented its inaugural lecture: "In Defense of Reading" by Dr. Smart, a professor in the English Department. The whole CNR community was in attendance as Dr. Smart presented statistics correlating the decline of reading to the decline of productive, reasoning citizens. Through music, literature, and theory, Dr. Smart called attention to the power of words and reading, and to the power of language itself. This language has a spiritual connection, nourishing not only our minds, but our soul as well.

If my last lecture were at hand, my hands would reach for books and my thoughts would fall to reading.

When *The New York Times* reported on November 19 of 2007 that "Americans—particularly young Americans—appear to be reading less for fun" the cranky old English teacher in me lurched to the computer to write the paper and suggest that youngsters' lack of enthusiasm for the written word was something our culture had taught them and that it was our patriotic duty to unlearn the lesson. Shortly after my letter and others like it was printed, *The New Yorker* ran a review of Maryanne Wolf's book *Proust and the Squid*, which is about the science of reading, how the brain turns visual cues into phonetic units from a neuro-anthropological perspective. Caleb Crain's review of Wolf's book raised the implication that as we read less, our brains lose the skill: the efficiency of the neural processing is degraded and the ability to both read the words on the page and think about them at the same time is threatened. The choice not to read may threaten the ability to think.

Crisis!

While signs of devolution have seemed to abound, particularly in America after the last two elections, this one struck my heart, and I have been, over the months, practicing, writing, and refining an expostulation on the joy of reading, especially of reading thick books and hard poems, the difficulty of which pay dramatic dividends. As they say in sports and romantic poetry; no pain no

gain.

At any moment, if called upon to speak or write to this issue, I would turn to my favorite pieces of literature, by Yeats, Joyce, Emerson, Dickinson, Woolf, Hardy, Conrad, Eliot. I always loved T.S. Eliot, and it never occurred to me that not knowing what “The Wasteland” meant, to Mr. Eliot or to me, made it a poem not worth reading.

In graduate school I was taught that Eliot’s mission was to confuse and belittle the reader, and that this was evidence that the literature I love—modern literature—is antagonistic to its reader and therefore, in terms of the current crisis, part of the problem and not the solution.

Oh, but I disagree. One of the characteristics of modern literature is that it is about the very act of reading. Modernism at its best considers the speaking position of the artifact in the discourse of the culture, and does so without employing the defanging multiple ironies of the postmodern’s referential posture. When “The Wasteland” concludes with the Sanskrit words “Shantih, Shantih, Shantih” (translated by Eliot as “the peace that passeth understanding,” but translated by my Hindu chanting texts more simply as “peace,”) I wonder, why not take the poem at its final word? Why not go back to the assumption, alive in me since childhood, that because the words in the poem seemed magically combined and chosen, there was special pleasure to be found in the act of repeating them in my head, of reading them?

The hard poem, the thick novel, and the brilliant essay are opportunities to address what William Wordsworth calls “vacant” and “pensive” moods. To be both empty in character and beset by racing thoughts is the worst condition, one that makes it very unlikely to find happiness or conviction. Because a good piece of literature interrupts the pensive mindstream while filling wholesomely the vacancy of the moment, it deserves a place in our lives as sacred as prayer. I would use my last lecture to make this spiritual recommendation, and by examining some of my favorite modern texts, to demonstrate its power.

Peace,

Dr. Nick Smart, Associate Professor of English

GRADUATION AT LAST!



Dr. Raia welcomes the audience to the Greek Tragedy *Alcestis* on April 15, 2008.

Dr. Ann Raia, Professor of Classics

How fortunate for me that I am concluding my career in teaching at The College of New Rochelle with Honors Greek Tragedy! I am grateful to Dr. Bass for her invitation to do so, for it gave me the opportunity to take a long look backwards. At first it was only back to Spring 2005, when I last taught Honors Greek Tragedy to a group of enthusiastic and responsive Honors students ranging from freshmen (who are graduating this year with me!) to seniors. Erin's encouragement to write this article about my "last Honors class" brought me further back to my own undergraduate days when I

first fell in love with my disciplinary field.

As an undergraduate at Queens College my favorite classics course was in the English Department: "Classical Literature in Translation," taught by an inspirational professor and career role model, Dr. Lillian Feder, who introduced me to her passion for the literary aesthetic of Greek and Latin literature which had escaped my notice as I struggled with grammatical forms, translation, and metric complexities in the two languages. My first graduate course in Summer 1961 at Fordham University was Sophocles in Greek with Fr. Herbert Musurillo, a brilliant Jesuit classicist who read ancient Greek as though it was his mother tongue. Intrigued with the promising insights of New Criticism, he led us through the analysis of imagery and linguistic resonance in Sophocles' tragedies, leaving us to struggle with morphology and variant text readings on our own. He was the first to make me understand that my challenge as a budding classicist was to read the language of a text and interpret its meaning on every level possible, not to translate words.

Honors students in my Greek Tragedy class this semester would have been less than thrilled to be students in my earliest classes. My first attempt at teaching Greek tragedy was in my first semester of teaching anything, Fall 1964, "Classical Civilization." Straight out of graduate school and only just having completed my incredibly technical PhD thesis that summer, I talked as fast as I could from a copious script of

undergraduate and graduate notes and my harried research into secondary sources that I often read only the night before. My class of almost 30 students never lifted their heads or stopped writing from bell to bell (yes, we had bells in those days to mark the beginning and end of classes that were all 50 minutes long and met three times a week). And that was my aim! No eye contact! It was a different time for them, for me, for education. I “professed” what I had been taught, what I researched, what meaning I extracted from close reading in context; they took notes, exams, and asked questions (pretty much “could you repeat that?”).

Honors Greek Tragedy '08 is presently facing its last meeting and what a far different kind of environment it is. Now, in addition to being a product of my graduate education at Fordham University, I have become an educator through my involvement in Honors education, experiments with technology, investigations into and experiences with new approaches to teaching, learning, and assessment, and not least of all through my students -- the good, the bad, the indifferent. This semester has resembled Greek Tragedy '05 very closely, as I remain satisfied with that formula. In weekly two hour seminars students read and discussed ten plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, watched video performances of and about Greek tragedy, shared materials on “Angel,” and encountered literary criticism that began with Aristotle. The words of the dramatists in elegant translations, abundant images of Greek artifacts on the Internet, journal writing and class discussion gave them access to and experience of Greek myth, history and culture. Unfortunately this was a dry semester for live performance of Greek tragedy in New York City, or we would have attended a play as well. With the class production of Euripides’ “Alceste” and their preparation for seminar leadership of a tragedy of Euripides, the Honors students demonstrated a competence in reading, research, discussion, presentation, and self-reflection which was ever my goal for them. They may not know the multitude of biographical, cultural and historical facts that undergird the plays, nor the vast corpus of secondary source materials about them, but they surely know how to find the information when they need to, in print and on the Internet. They know what Greek tragedy is and how it makes meaning and they understand why it has survived the ages and that it has much to teach us still. They have the rest of their lives to come to know it more thoroughly and the civilization that produced it, confident in their introduction to it and in their skills and ability to learn.

Little did I guess in those first days at CNR that I who had come to teach would learn so much in the process. Thanks to my colleagues at CNR and in the National Collegiate Honors Council, to administrative support, and to 44 years of student collaborators, what a rich education I’ve had!

GREEK TRAGEDY: EURIPIDES' *ALCESTIS*

On April 15, 2008, HON 250 performed an adaptation of one of Euripides' most famous tragedies: *Alcestis*. One of the most intriguing facets of this "tragedy" is that it does not meet most standards for tragedy, due mostly to its happy ending. The play begins with an exchange between Death and Apollo. Death has come to take Alcestis, the wife of Admetus, a man to whom Apollo has sworn loyalty. In fact, it was Apollo who helped Admetus cheat death by arranging a deal: Admetus might live longer if he can find someone to take his place when the time comes.

Well it does come, and neither his father nor mother is willing. It is finally Alcestis, his wife and mother to his children, that agrees to die for her husband, exacting a promise that he never marry another. She does indeed die, but moments later the hero Herakles comes as a guest, and, not wanting to offend his friend, he does not tell him of the tragedy. Herakles proceeds to get drunk, which the servants, mourning their mistress, can only take so much of. One of them finally tells Herakles the truth. When he learns of his host's kindness, he leaves his host's house intent on rewarding Admetus. Admetus, mourning, does not know his guest has gone, and has an argument with his father about death. Then, Herakles walks in, bearing a woman in two. He presents her to Admetus, who most reluctantly accepts her. Herakles draws back her veil, and reveals that it is Alcestis herself, whom he has fought death to return to Admetus. The play ends with Admetus and Alcestis embracing, wishing Herakles much success. The play truly was fun for everyone involved!



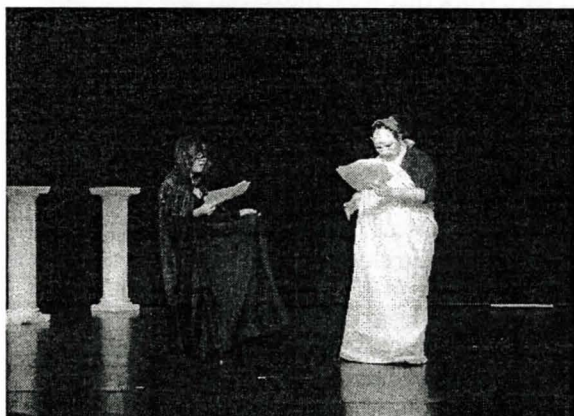
Honors Greek Tragedy from left: Kathy Yoon '09, Ashley Melendez '10, Alexandria Bignall '09, Sarah Hnath '09, Erin Daley '09, Mary Henderson '11, and Darianna Parra '11.



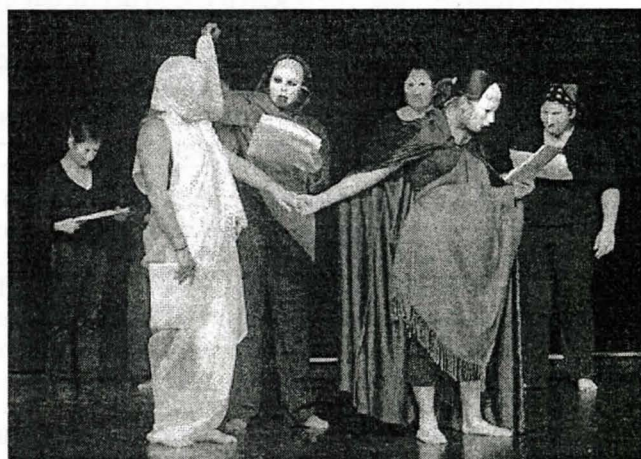
The death of Alcestis. From left: Kathy as Boy, Sarah as Alcestis, Darianna as Admetus, and Ashley as Chorus Leader.



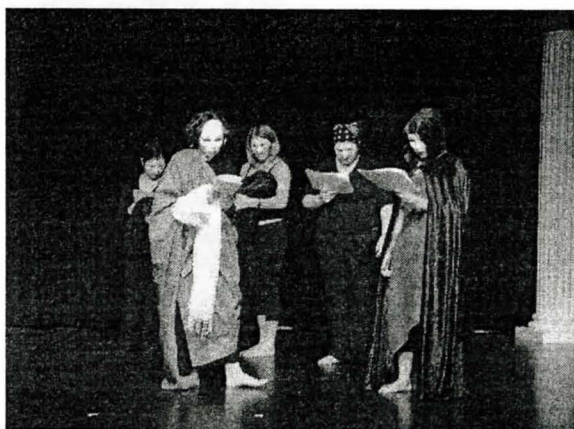
A servant bears the message of Alcestis' illness and mourns her death. From left: Ashley as Chorus Leader and Erin as Servant.



Death and Apollo begin their debate. From left: Kathy as Death and Mary as Apollo.



Herakles returns Alcestis after defeating death. Back row from left: Kathy, Erin, and Mary as Chorus. From row from left: Sarah as Alcestis, Alexandria as Herakles, and Darianna as Admetus.



Admetus and his father Pheres argue about death, and who is the greater coward: the old man who wants to live, or the young man who cheats death? Front row from left: Ashley as Pheres and Darianna as Admetus. Back row from left: Kathy and Sarah as Chorus, Mary as Choral Leader.

REFLECTIONS FROM GREEK TRAGEDY

Here are some reflections from HON 250: Greek Tragedy and the class performance of *Alcestris*:

What I really loved was that we did it all ourselves. From researching to editing the script, from designing costumes and masks to advertising and the playbill. We each took responsibility for something, and I personally think it turned out great. One of my favorite aspects of the class itself is the class-led seminars. We each partnered up and were assigned a specific tragedy to teach to the class. This was my favorite part as it allows each student to develop an individual bond with a play and a level of interaction you really can't get from anywhere else!
-Erin Daley, '09

I am glad that I have been able to share my love of classic Greek theater with my fellow Honors cohort. The plays we have read have opened my mind to complexities and talents of ancient Greek poets, as well as heightened my appreciation of their art. Some plays were more interesting than others of course (*Medea* by Euripides, for example), but I enjoyed the entire experience of Greek Tragedy. Perhaps the best part of the class was the *Alcestris* performance; that play allowed me to appreciate the hard work that went into creating and performing Greek tragedies. The research was in-depth, but informative and the play itself brought us together and allowed us to show our many talents. Overall, I am really glad that I took Greek Tragedy. The entire experience was educational, sophisticated, thought-provoking and most of all fun. I hope future Tragedians will have the same experience.
-Alexandria Bignall, '09

Not only was producing and performing the play "*Alcestris*" by Euripides a fascinating experience in terms of applying what we have learned in our Honor's Greek Tragedy class, it was also a great learning experience. I was able to have a deeper understanding of how the plays of the Ancient Greeks were supposed to be not only in meaning but as well in perception (e.g. visual significance). Not to mention it was a pleasure being given the opportunity to take on this assignment with a group of fantastic and intelligent individuals from varying backgrounds and fields of study. I feel we learned a great deal in terms of pulling together and sharing ideas cooperatively and efficiently, and the final outcome definitely proved that!
-Sarah Hnath, '09

I enjoyed being a part of the play '*Alcestris*.' It was intriguing to perform 5th century Greek tragedy characters in the 21st century setting to the modern audiences. Learning about various aspects of Greek Tragedy and putting into our own performance, I became more appreciative of Greek Tragedy and its culture in general.

Kathy Yoon, '09

I felt the class did such a great job with the performance. We were able to encompass everything we learned this semester in Greek Tragedy and were able to apply it to this performance. It was a unique learning experience that has made me appreciate Greek ancient theater and all it has to offer the modern world.

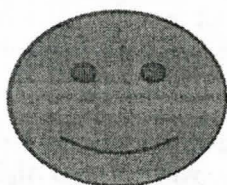
-Darianna Parra, '11

My experience with the play was very rewarding. In working with the masks, I discovered the ease with which one can slip into character when covered by a mask. A mask can even inspire a way of movement or mannerisms. Creating a mask to tell a story of a character was also a challenge. It was interesting to think about how a character would look based on their personality and character description. In addition, I was able to experience Greek Tragedy from the other side of the stage, and that brought me a better understanding of my role as a spectator and reader.

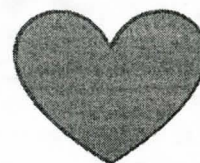
-Mary Henderson, '11

CNR: 2004-2008

Blanca Paccha, '08



CNR 2004-2008

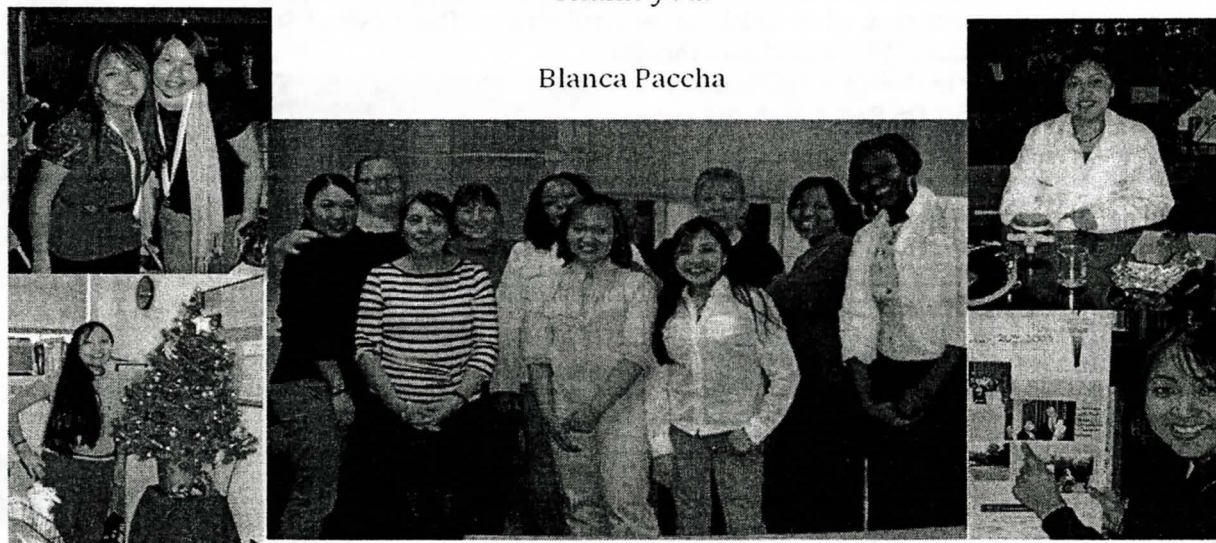


Four years have passed.
It is time to move on and to leave CNR.
It is time to make the rest of our dreams come true. But,
I will not forget the wonderful experiences that I lived here.
I will not forget the long hours at the lab, writing papers, reading,
studying, chatting with friends, smiling, or just thinking about life.

I want to thank all of those who have helped me to achieve this goal.
I want to thank my professors, friends, family, and all of those who have
been there to support and encourage me throughout these years.
I leave, but in my heart, I take with me CNR memories that I will treasure
forever.

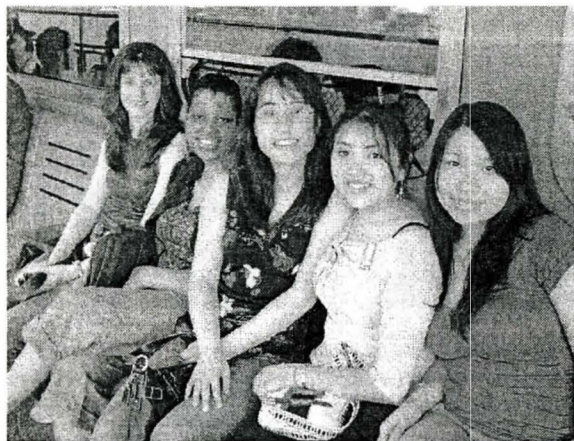
Thank-you!

Blanca Paccha



FAREWELL TO HONORS...

Binh Phong, '08

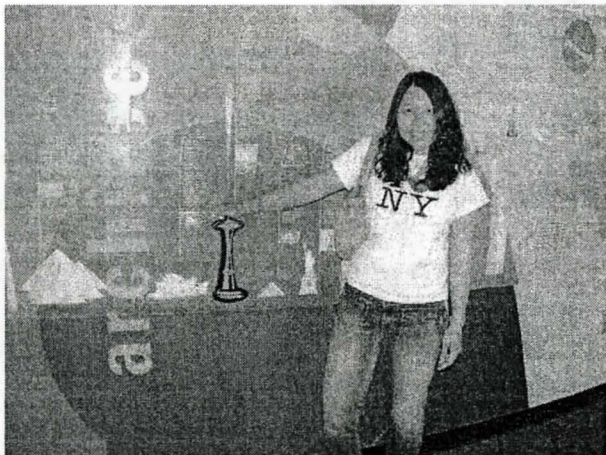


It was 12:15am and I felt exhausted. For the past four hours, I have been hovering over a mess of paper and a piece of tri-fold cardboard that eventually would become my last poster presentation for my last Honors Conference Day. As I painstakingly glued on each and every letter of my title "The Zapatistas: A Postmodern Revolution?", it finally hit me that "life at CNR" is reaching an endpoint and "life after CNR" is arriving sooner than I expected. Even though I always say and at times do feel that I have been ready to graduate since my sophomore year, I can never be prepared enough for the reality of graduation lurking around the corner. So here I am writing to you, the Honors crew, about my experience with Honors as a way to formally welcome the graduation anxiety.

What are some of my favorite Honors moments? The Freshman Holiday Party at the Castle Gallery, the Greek Tragedy performance, Honors Conference Day, NCHC in Philadelphia and New Jersey (where I tried Afghan food and Greenberry's coffee for the first time), Senior Symposium (when we fought so passionately for our books), Broadway shows, and the list goes on. These moments are the kind of fond memories that I want to keep and share them at reunions so we can laugh about how silly yet how full of life we were.

Honors has enriched and influenced me in many ways and on many levels that I never thought possible. Most of all, Honors confirmed my belief in a liberal arts education. How would you feel about taking an Honors course in Greek Tragedy when you did not know anything about Greek mythology? A little nervous. How about reading court cases heavy in technical terms when you are a Biology major? Very confused. What if you get to choose the "freshwoman" read for HON 101? Super exciting! Those were the emotional and psychological rollercoasters that I have been on throughout my years in Honors. As a rollercoaster fanatic and someone who enjoys challenge, I can attest to the fact that Honors helps you grow not only as a scholar but as a whole person. An example would be my newfound love for testimonial narratives and interest in the indigenous struggles against cultural exploitation, all of which can be attributed to "Discourses of Slavery" and "Testimonial Narratives in Latin America". Who would have thought that from a double major in Biology and Chemistry who wants to become a doctor? Dr. Bass has always encouraged the science majors to step out of the realm of science and explore other disciplines. I am so grateful that I actually listened and did it! So thank you, Dr. Bass!

Looking back on the HON 101 of the Class of 2008, I was amazed at how much things have changed and how much WE have changed. We all have transformed into mature, confident, and well-educated young women ready to taken on the world, whatever it may be. So to my Honors class, achieve the unachievable! The sky is the limit!

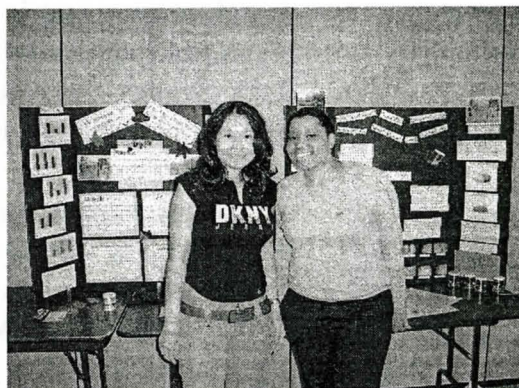


WHERE ARE THE SENIORS GOING?

Blanca Paccha plans to work at the National Institute of Health. She will begin a 10-week internship on June 1, 2008, at the lab of Dr. Sharon L. Milgram, Senior Investigator at the National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute, part of the NIH. After that period, she will take on a full time, one-year position at the NIH, possibly in the same laboratory or perhaps in another one, using the time to also study for the GRE and complete her applications to graduate school. Blanca hopes to study for a Ph.D. in an area related within her interests in infectious diseases.

Milena Tercheva is headed for graduate study at the University of Michigan's Rackham Graduate School, with plans to achieve a masters degree in Russian and East European Studies. She has been awarded a fellowship aimed at helping her proposal to research emerging democracies. As well, she will be focusing on learn a few new languages, including Russian, and researching the legal systems of Eastern Europe after the fall of the Eastern Bloc. After she completes her degree, she plans to go to law school to study international law.

Binh Phong was accepted for graduate study at Columbia University's School of Public Health, but has decided to wait a year and study for entrance into medical school.



Binh Phong and Shonda Gaylord at Honors Conference Day 2006



Stephanie Dicheck will work through the summer while taking a digital photography course. In the fall, she plans to complete her student teaching, followed by graduate school.

Hasiba Mohammad will be working full time at Gill Library as a Periodicals Assistant, volunteering at a hospital and working on applications for graduate schools.

Shonda Gaylord will be entering graduate school in January of 2009 at the Tufts Cummings School of Veterinary Medicine under the infectious disease program. She will be researching waterborne infectious diseases, as she was awarded a National Institute of Health fellowship for research related to water and health.



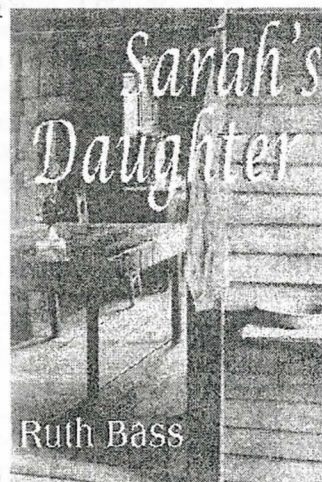
From left to right, Dr. Bass and Dean Thompson with Shonda Gaylord.

SENIOR LETTER TO THE CLASS OF 2012

To The Honors Class of 2012,

We, the Honors class of 2008, have had the privilege to choose the book that will begin your Honors experience at CNR. When deciding which book to choose, we considered these factors for each book:

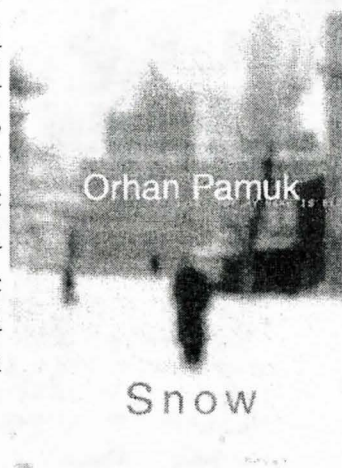
- ◊ Touches upon family and society
- ◊ Has a political component
- ◊ Struggles between “want to” vs. “have to”
- ◊ Explores how one relates to the world
- ◊ Is multicultural
- ◊ Investigates identity
- ◊ Is challenging yet readable
- ◊ Is relatable
- ◊ Offers students a new perspective

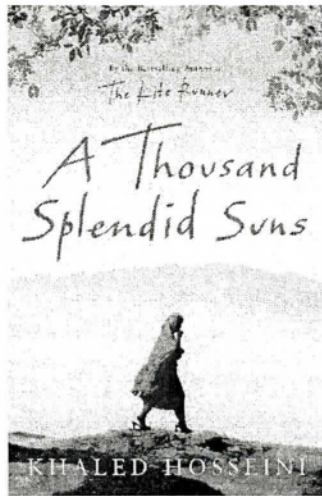


Acknowledging the framework, we read books dealing with issues such as gender politics, the search for identity, socioeconomic structure/ disparity, political instability in Afghanistan, 19th century New England, Palestine, 19th century rural China, Turkey, and a traveling circus during the American Depression. The books that we read were *The Kite Runner*, *Sarah's Daughter*, *A Thousand Splendid Suns*, *Snow Flower and The Secret Fan*, *In Search of Fatima*, *Water for Elephants*, and *Snow*.



The decision to eliminate or keep books was very challenging because each raised important contemporary cultural, political, religious, and gender-related issues. We removed books based on popularity, framework, and the ability to entice dynamic, intellectual, and thought-provoking debates and discussions. The last two remaining books were *Snow* by Orhan Pamuk and *Snow Flower and The Secret Fan* by Lisa See. In the novel *Snow*, the poet Ka encounters political Islamists, extreme leftists, and youth in the poor city of Kars, situated on the border between Turkey and Armenia.





He becomes entangled in political questions of the collision of secularism and political Islam in Turkey, a country divided between the two forces and with a population trying to find its place in the world while attempting an unsuccessful dialogue with the West.

Snow Flower and The Secret Fan is built upon 80-year-old Lily's reflections of her childhood and teenage years in rural China as well as her intimate friendship with Snow Flower. The author offers insights to women's ceremonies and duties, their inferior status in both their natal and married homes, as well as details to arranged marriages, foot-binding, and superstitions that Western readers often hear of but don't know much about. This book is about the universality of gender inequality, as it shows that while women's cultures and upbringings may be different, the life lessons are very much the same.

After substantial debates, the freshman read is *Snow Flower and The Secret Fan*, based upon the book's ability to inspire further interest in the issues that it raises. As the departed class of 2008, we wish you good luck and satisfaction with your four-year journey through the College of New Rochelle and the Honors Program.

Best wishes,

Stephanie Dicheck (BFA Studio Art)
 Shonda Gaylord (BS Biology and Environmental Studies)
 Hasiba Mohammad (BS Biology)
 BinhPhong (BS Biology and Chemistry)
 Milena Tercheva (BA International Studies and Communication Arts)

